

WEEKLY



VISITOR

## OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1803.

[No. 23]

## THE BATHS OF THE EMPEROR JULIEN.

An anecdote of the fourth century.

From the French.

Concluded.

MARFURIUS, overseer of the gardeners, being up early to set his men at work, passed by at a little distance, while the lovers were conversing. Distinguishing the voice of his master's daughter, he had stopped to listen, and when they parted, he returned his way without saying a word.

In the evening, just before the sun went down, Marfurius asked to speak with Sylvanus. Priscilla, tormented with that anxious suspense which always agitates the heart between the time of forming an important project and the moment of its execution, hurried in violent emotion through every apartment of the palace. She saw Marfurius enter it at an unaccustomed hour. She glided into the corner of an obscure passage, which led to her father's chamber.

There she stopped, and heard Marfurius relate every particular of the conversation that had passed between her and Savinien in the morning.

Sylvanus was quite furious at the discovery. Foaming with rage, he was unable to speak. He could only utter a few inarticulate words. "Savinien! the wretch! cross the moat, ravish from

me my child! Monster!"—"It will be easy enough to prevent, and to punish him at the same time," said Marfurius. "How! how?" eagerly interrupted the old man. "After having passed the arch, he will proceed to slide down upon the scaffolding: it is only to remove a few boards, and the scaffold is taken away; and, instead of fixing his foot upon a solid bridge, as he is led to expect, he will instantly be hurried down, and dashed to pieces—nothing can possibly prevent it."

At these words Priscilla fainted away. When she returned to her senses, her father and Marfurius were not to be found. She tried to go into Sylvanus's garden. The doors of communication were locked. A chilly horror crept through her veins. The sun was set. The hour fast approached when her lover was to arrive at the appointed spot. She ran over the palace, which was now to her a prison, but she was almost insensible to the surrounding objects; she knew not what she did, nor what she should do.

The only spot which commanded a view of the garden, was a terrace, planted with divers shrubs, and situated beneath the roof of the great hall of the public baths. From this elevated terrace, she could see her father's gardens, those of the emperor, and also the fosse, or rather precipice, which her lover was to leap. Thither she hastened. The

day, though on its last decline, just enabled her to perceive that the scaffolding which she had pointed out to Savinien was no longer in its place.

She descended from the terrace; called wildly for her aunt and slaves. They thought she was mad. She ran out; returned; pronounced the name of her lover; threw herself at their feet, and conjured them to suffer her to quit the palace. They referred her to her father. Him she instantly went in search of: called, in a tone of desperation upon his name. No one answered. Time flew. The fatal moment was at hand. "O Savinien!" cried the unhappy girl, "instead of me thou wilt embrace thy death; and it is I, I that have conducted thee to thy fate." She again ascended the terrace, as being the only situation from whence she could discern the place of rendezvous. She flattered herself that, notwithstanding the distance, her feeble voice might apprise her lover of the danger with which he was momentarily threatened.

By the time that Priscilla had mounted the terrace, it was almost night. Pale as death, she was in want of the highest exertion of her voice, and her voice, stifled by the violence of her emotion, could scarcely make itself heard. In the course of a few seconds, she thought she heard the sound of some footsteps on the planks that covered the arch upon which Savinien was to tread, but



still she could see nothing. All is again still as death. Suddenly the noise with out is repeated. A plank falls, and the precipice presents itself. "Gods! it is he!" Then summoning all her strength, and exerting her feeble voice to its utmost extent, she raves out, "*Savinien, advance no further.*" The lover imagines that his mistress calls out to him to animate his courage; he slides down from the arch, and not feeling the scaffolding, utters a scream of horror, and falls headlong to the bottom of the moat.

Here the manuscript stops short. The translator has never been able to discover whether the Greek author proceeded any further, or whether the conclusion has been by any accident lost; so that it is impossible to know what became either of Priscilla, or the old Sylvanus, or what was done by the emperor, when he heard of the dreadful catastrophe that happened in his palace.

### The Student,

#### No. VI.

How have I seen some heav'nly nymph draw nigh!  
Peace in her air; persuasion in her eye!

Young.

MY spirited measures have at length reduced my friend Tim, to a sense of his duty. The following Essay, or rather Eulogium on the fair sex, is from his pen, and was enclosed to me with a long apology, which not being very plausible nor ingenious, I shall omit.

Mr. Student,

WOMAN, says the poet, is "Heav'n's last best gift to man." Tho' Nature had spread around him her primeval bloom, amid the fragrance and serenity of Eden; tho' the charms of earth and heaven, conspired with the consciousness of virtue, and the novelty of existence, to enhance his pleasures; yet amidst all this profusion of delight, something seemed wanting; a languor still hung around his senses, "and man the hermit sighed till woman smiled." That smile alone could animate his seclusion; could fill his eye with extacy, or thrill his bosom with transport—that smile alone could harmonize the music

of the groves, and breathe complacency over the face of Nature.

Thus has providence in the very event of creation, pronounced the society of woman essential to the happiness of man; and she who in the abodes of innocence, was destined only to propitiate enjoyment, has become the allotted companion of vicissitude; as well to add poignancy to pleasure, as to light on the visage of despair, a ray of heavenly consolation.

Montesquieu in his "Spirit of Laws" ventures an opinion, that female society spoils the manners; that the sexes lose in a familiar intercourse their distinctive qualities, and are thus mutually injurious to each other. From one whom severity, in robbing of the inclination, had deprived of the power to please—one whose moroseness found its element, in the gloom of superstition's solitude; and who had abandoned to a general passion, all desire of tributary enjoyment, such sentiments would be natural and pardonable; but from one of a nation, whose boast is the debonnaire and naivete of the drawing-room; and whose politesse has been the theme of frequent eulogy, they excite less conviction than surprize, and must be attributed to an eccentricity of genius; a wish to surprize by novelty of idea, or display to the world the weight of a high literary sanction, to opinions the most unnatural and absurd. Or rather may it not have been intended to apply solely to the nation which he lived in—a nation of *firts* and *coxcombs*; where the sacred sentiments of love is made the sport of every occasion; where frivolity and fashion constitute the whole business of life, and the chaste intercourse of the sexes is degraded into licentious gallantry.

The influence of female society is no doubt most propitious to elegance and to virtue. Ideas may be interchanged, without an interchange of qualities; and the sexes may be the intimates of each other without losing their characteristic features. For Nature seems to have adapted them to a mutual intercourse. To man she has given a mind masculine and capacious; to woman a heart of the tenderest sensibility. On man she has bestowed depth of judgment, and force of enterprize; on woman fancy to illumine that judgment, and persuasion to invigorate that enterprize; it is hers to endure in silence; it is his to avenge her when insulted; it is hers to soothe, and his to arrest misfortune.

Actions the most dignified and deserving, have derived maturity from the

influence of female virtue. Her persuasions beguile the wantonings of error while her example is an additional sanction to morality; (for what we admire we always wish to imitate) her smiles wake new motives in the bosom of benevolence, while her tears melt to tenderness and to pity. The society of the female refines by a mild and insinuating power. Not like the inundation, which buries while it fertilizes; but like the gentle stream, reflecting the beauties it has given birth to, and murmuring sweetly to the music of the groves that shade it.

Society in distinguishing the education of the sexes, has pursued the dictates of Nature, and made a transcript of her first intentions. The female mind is suffered to expand, in the element of its distinctive propensities; its softness and susceptibility are not chilled by the frigid maxims of philosophy, nor its native pliability impaired by the severity of scholastic discipline. A desire of pleasing seems to be the favorite topic of female anxiety. Accomplishments are therefore selected for their pursuit, rather superficial than severe, and studies, which insinuate themselves without much labor into the mind. Thus is the female fitted for the society of the learned and the gay; her attention is without the stare of folly, and her sallies without the stiffness of erudition. The student seeks relief from the labors of the closet, and the statesman from the toils of the cabinet—they find it in the smiles and converse of the fair. A commerce takes place between them reciprocally beneficial. Information is exchanged for amusement; the desire of pleasing meets a return in the consciousness of pleasure, and levity and severity become mutually the correctives of each other.

I would by no means be understood to exclude female intellect from the regions of learning and of taste. It is only in extreme youth, that the characteristic of the sex is in danger. When the mind has once formed itself into settled propensities and habits, female education may extend itself over a wide field, and embrace objects more intellectual and important, than the mere arts of pleasing. Nothing however is more disgusting than a pedantic woman, and nothing more fatal to the influence of her charms, than a thirst for abstruse speculation, and metaphysical research. A consciousness of talent produces vanity, even where mediocrity



is its highest attainment—singularity cherishes that unamiable sentiment. The erudite *Sophia* regards her associates with contempt, as beneath her in understanding; because inferior in acquirements; the gentlemen view her with reserve—her companions with envy; and she stands in the survey of admiration, a solitary monument of learning. That woman whose very origin bespeaks an exalted destiny, and whose charms are as essential to the happiness, as her example to the virtues of society, should ever have been sunk to an ignominious dependence, and ranked with the herd of domestic animals, is no trite phenomenon in reason and in nature. Yet such has been, and in some instances is still the case. With a departure from primitive purity, the empire of woman was suspended. Submission became the dictate of necessity—Terrors unknown in the retreats of innocence sprung up on every side; and weak and defenceless women fled to man for protection. His breast was no longer the unruffled abode of virtue; a thirst of power arose from the ruins of his dominion; and passions hideous as the curse that inflicted them, shook his fallen nature. Strength and superiority became one—his protection was control; and reproach his mildest consolation. Grasping but a broken sceptre, and swaying a disjointed empire, he affected that sovereignty which was not his own, and was imperious where he should have been tender. A state of unqualified dependence on the one hand, and mortified superciliousness on the other, rendered necessary in the weaker, an unusual solicitude to please. Thus were those charms, which before seemed only to allure to pleasure and to peace, doomed to a perpetual war with passion, and that favor which before had been mutual and unsolicited; was on the part of the female, to be the reward of arduous effort, and unremitted toil. Here art lent her assistance to nature, and introduced the study of those insinuating graces which have served to restore to woman that empire, for which she was originally intended. In rude and barbarous nations, whose manners are biased only by instinctive impressions; woman is still the slave of man; but wherever refinement has made any advances, there is a correspondent progress to be observed in the dignity of the female character; from the Lapland woman, laboring in the field or the ca-

noe; to the belle of Paris, or of London, encircled by a thousand admirers, and controlling the agitations of a thousand bosoms.

The sceptre of the female has now become resistless. The dowry of her nature, she asserts with conscious dignity—she stands the guardian of morality; the umpire of contending passions. She guides the councils of a nation no lessably than the humble concerns of life; she wields the pen, while she imparts the spirit of the muse, and guards with equal ease, the sacred depositaries of an empire, and the unsullied chastity of her own bosom. The philosopher frames his speculations on the first principles of science, from the female form, and the metaphysician from the tenor of her feelings. The legislator pays a tribute to her importance, in the care with which he regards her influence, on the society to whom he dictates. Indeed, what can resist the empire of virtuous woman? And what but a departure from that virtue, can rob her of her sceptre and her sway; can make her the pest of that society which she is intended to beautify, and degrade her as much below the meanest reptile, as nature has exalted her in the destinies of creation?

T. TRUANT.

I beg Tim to rest assured, that his industry has obliterated the memory of past neglect; and that the next time we meet on the stairs, if he will make the first advance towards a reconciliation, it shall not pass unnoticed or unreturned, by

OMEGA.  
From my Elbow-Chair, &c.  
Syntax Hall.

FOR THE VISITOR.  
Messrs. Editors,

IT is a source of deep regret to every rational and candid person to observe the abuse that is daily lavished in such profusion, on a certain class of females. To palliate this ungenerous practice there is not the least shadow of a plea. No reasonable excuse can be offered, in justification of a practice so contrary to the dictates of charity and benevolence.

The unfortunate beings to whom I allude are those generally denominated

old maids. Why the barbed darts of malice should pursue them with such fury, it is not my intention at present to enquire. My design is to prove that they are entitled to, at least, as much respect as those of the opposite class of females.

It is a fact which cannot be denied, that old maids are the most industrious and frugal set of beings that humanity can boast. Without the care of a family to engross their attention, they devote their time to the pursuits of industry. Prudence and decency govern their conduct; and virtue erects her temple within their breasts. While the gay and the thoughtless of their sex are spending their hours in the career of fashion, they are securing to themselves a competency for old age.

The greatest crime that was ever alleged against them is that they live a single life. This may arise from two general or principal causes; either, that they prefer a life of celibacy to a marriage state, or that they never had an offer from a man in whose society they could anticipate so great a share of felicity as they might expect in a single life. In either of these cases no criminality can be attached to their conduct.

Altho' they are an object of ridicule in all company, and whenever their characters are introduced, they are loaded with the most degrading epithets, yet if you ask, why this ungenerous conduct, the mouth of slander is silent, they can advance nothing in justification of the abuse.

Amidst this flood of scandal, this torrent of injury, it becomes those who know how to estimate the virtues possessed by those unfortunate ladies, to step forward, boldly, and espouse their cause.

It has been said that they live an unsociable life, far from the abodes of happiness: from a long and uninterrupted acquaintance with them I am warranted in concluding that they enjoy as great a share of happiness as falls to the lot of mankind in general.

From what has been said, it may be imagined that the writer is either an old maid, or nearly allied to one. Altho' I have not entered that respectable list; yet my sensibility has been aroused by the many unprovoked slanders daily heaped upon them.

A FRIEND TO OLD MAIDS.



## FOR THE VISITOR.

*All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.*

Shakspeare.

THE writing and solution of enigmas, charades, &c. may, if well managed, prove an innocent and agreeable source of amusement. Some writers of eminence have not disdained to publish them as their productions, but have given some elegant and ingenious specimens in this manner of writing, in which ease is taken that the component parts agree with the principal, and that the solution agrees strictly with truth. The enigma, in a late Visitor, signed E. W., will not bear this scrutiny, for though the above quotation is justly admired as a beautiful simile, yet it is not positively true. The world has been differently defined by different hands; one, celebrated for his musical composition, compares it to a "Well furnish'd table," its inhabitants to the guests, where every one scrambles for the best dish, and he that gets the most is the cleverest fellow. Another writer says it resembles nothing so much as a *Windmill*: the windmill, shattered by the storm from its too exalted station, represents the man of spirit borne away by his tempestuous passions, like clouds before the wind; the empty coxcomb, whose words outrun his ideas, or rather whose words show that he has no ideas at all, may also be included in the same similitude—as the mill never makes more noise than when it is entirely without grist. One more simile—Mr. Dibdin, of song-making memory, says the world is a *Belfry*, and all the men and women are a *Set of jolly Ringers*.

S. J. B.

## FOR THE VISITOR.

## SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMA,

In page 165.

YOUR Enigma dear Sir, I acknowledge has pleased me. Tho' at first I declare it did nothing but tease me; Such different characters—such strange contradictions—Were enough to decide them a medley of fictions: But the portrait appearing at once to my view, I exclaimed 'tis a *PLAYER*, by all that is true.

R. E. W.

## SAMBRAC THE INDIAN.

A TALE.

A VIRTUOUS mind may, in a moment when the passions are triumphant, harbor an unworthy sentiment; but when Reason reassumes her sway in the breast replete with native honor, how noble is the atonement! Such was the case with Sambrac the Indian; his heart was the seat of many virtues, and divided in affection between Orra and Hamet. Love softened the impetuous temper of Sambrac, friendship corrected in a great measure his ardent passions. Orra, the amiable daughter of a late beloved chief, had listened with satisfaction to the suit of Sambrac, till she found that a similar flame burned in the bosom of Hamet. They were friends and brothers; how then could she show a preference that might sow the seeds of discord between them? With generous policy she strove to defer her decision till chance might direct the admiration of one to some other object. Delay inflamed the passion of Sambrac; jealous mistrust took full possession of his soul, and he regarded his brother with looks of gloomy suspicion. The oppressed heart of Hamet could ill brook this treatment from the dear companion of his earliest hours. "Oh, my brother!" he would cry, "kill me rather with your arrow than with your eyes; for I have lived too long when you begin to hate me." Sambrac, threw aside his bow, and rushed into his brother's arms. A pause of tender emotion succeeded; but the rapid imagination of Sambrac hurried forward a new train of ideas. Starting back, he exclaimed, "What puerile folly this? Let us act as men. Did not our father bid us live but for each other? We have both set our hearts on one object, and which can live to see her in the arms of the other!—Let us then destroy this sorceress, who would separate our hearts. Then shall we know no future jealousies, but each will remember with gratitude the noble sacrifice of love to fraternal affection." This plausible address worked on the feelings of Hamet; he was uncertain which was the object beloved by Orra, and her irresolution wounded his pride. He gave his consent to the cruel deed, which the resolute Sambrac was to perpetrate. At her appearance he withdrew, to mix some powder in the drink of which she was to partake. The countenance of Orra was dressed in smiles. When Sambrac returned, she presented a hand to

each, and cheerfully joined in the morning song. But what were the emotions of Hamet, when she raised the poisonous beverage to her lips? A momentary impulse directed that he should dash the cup from her hands; but the vigilant eye of Sambrac too powerfully withheld him. When she had finished her draught, she gave the cup to Hamet. In a few minutes her eyes grew dim; a sighly damp crept over her limbs; she sunk on the grass; and while the agonized Hamet supported her with his arm, Sambrac leaned over her with a look of horrible anxiety. "I feel the hand of death is on me," said Orra; "but how to account for this sudden sensation I know not; but as the hour of my departure draws near, reserve shall end; my preference can now cause no strife. Beloved friends, adieu! Hamet, receive my last sigh; my shade shall often visit you, to give you comfort till the hour when we shall meet again in bliss; my love was ever true." Sambrac, brother of my beloved, farewell! Hamet, adieu! Distraction seized the brain of Hamet; he threw himself on her cold body, kissed her forehead and cheek, and bathed her with his tears. Then rising with a look of calm resignation, he bent his body towards the sun, and turning again to his brother, said, "Sambrac, friendship has had its victim; now for the rights of love and Orra, we shall not long be parted." With these words, he drew forth his knife, and would have pierced his bosom, with the deadly weapon. Sambrac arrested his arm; his looks were wild with horror. "What has the infernal fiend tempted me to do? Hamet, I alone must die; for the hour has arrived in which my treachery renders a father's mandate void. In innocence alone he willed that we should live together, and I have broke the covenant. Orra is not dead; a wicked design to supplant my brother urged me to this hateful stratagem. The infusion with which she appears to have been poisoned, is a powerful opiate only; and by night I meant to have conveyed her privately far up the island, where I hoped to win her whole affections, and selfishly leave a brother to languish and despair. Her words have undeceived me: Orra loves you alone. May you with her enjoy the happiness of which the treacherous Sambrac would have deprived you. Embrace me, brother, and kneel to implore your forgiveness; and for ever after let the guilty Sambrac be banished from your memory." And so



**COMFORT FOR THE UGLY.**

## PROPOSALS FOR OPENING

## Remedy for Female chills.

I have provided all the different assortments of lillies and roses, to suit every complexion. I have laid in a considerable stock of unguents, cosmetics, and beautifying pastes. I have the finest tinctures to color the hair, the brightest red salve for rou lips, and the sweetest perfumes for stinking breaths.

I have artificial brilliants of all waters, whether for the bright eye, the dead eye, the piercing eye, the sleepy eye, the bold eye, the swimming eye, &c. I have hired a French oculist to put them into any ladies' sockets, from whence he will take out with very little pain, the squinty eye, the wall eye, the goggle eye, and all others. Hairs are plucked out of the forehead by pincers, and the smoothest mouse eye-brows, of all colors, put on by him in their room, with the aid of a magnifying glass.

84 I have imported a great-grand-daughter of professor *Tallacotius*, who pares, scrapes, grinds, and new models overgrown noses; cuts off crooked or flat ones to the stumps, and engrafts new ones on the roots of them.

I cut dimples into the grain, which never wear out. I slit the lips open on each side if too narrow, and sew them up when they are too wide, with such niceness, that the seams are imperceptible. I no less dextrously fine-draw, or darn, wrinkles of any standing; and fill up all dents, chaps, or holes made by the small-pox, with a new invented powder. I have a thin diet-drink to bring down the over-plump to a proper gentility of slimness, and a nourishing kind of jelly for the improvement of the scraggy. In short, I am possessed of many other equally valuable secrets, on which I shall enlarge more particularly hereafter, in my printed bills, to be dispersed over the three kingdoms.

ELIZABETH MENDALL

## ANECDOTE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

"By heaven, and not a master taught."

WHEN Leonardo da Vinci lay upon his death bed, Francis the first, animated by that instinctive reverence which great minds invariably feel for each other, visited him in his chamber. An attendant informing the painter that the king was come to enquire after his health; he raised himself from the pillow; a lambent beam of gratitude for the honor, lighted upon his eyes, and he made an effort to speak. The exertion was too much, he fell back; and Francis stooping to support him, this great artist expired in his arms. Affected with the awful catastrophe, the king heaved a sigh of sympathetic sorrow, and left the bed chamber in tears. He was immediately surrounded by a crowd of those kind hearted nobles, who delight in soothing the sorrows of a sovereign; and one of them entreating him not to indulge his grief, added as a consolatory reflection, "Consider, sire, this man was but a painter!"—"I do," replied the monarch, "and I at the same time consider, that though as a king I could make a thousand such as you—the Deity alone can make such a painter as Leonardo da Vinci."



## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, March 12, 1803.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 33 persons during the week ending on the 6th inst. viz. of Consumption 3—Phthisis Pulmonalis 1—Pneumonia 1—Hives 1—Weakness 1—Small-pox 1—Sudden 1—not distinguished 23—of whom 20 were Adults, and 13 Children.

The ship Richmond, capt. Rudd, sailed on Tuesday last for Hamburg, having on board the Hon. James Munroe, envoy from the United States to the French Republic and the Court of Spain, for the purpose of adjusting the differences respecting Louisiana. The forts on the Battery and Governor's island fired a salute on the occasion.

Died, on the 28th ult. in the town of Fishkill, Mr. Thomas Simington, of a wound he received a few days before by a blow on the head with an axe, from a person named Wm. Conklin. Drunkenness was the cause of the misfortune.

### THEATRICAL REGISTER

FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, MARCH 5.

ALFONSO, M. G. Lewis; and RETALIATION, M. Nally.

The plot of ALFONSO we have already given; we will now indulge in a few remarks on the acting. This play possesses great weight of character, and requires a company of considerable strength and talent, to do it full justice, and we have no hesitation in saying, that the tragedy of ALFONSO could scarcely have been supported, in a more correct, or dignified manner.

The character of *Orestes* was filled by Mr. Fennell, with all that greatness, and delicacy of conception, for which that gentleman is so remarkable. The unrelenting sternness of the injured hero, and the generous loyalty of the subject, were qualities which Mr. Fennell was most happy in portraying. The con-

scious pride of merit and greatness, never left him; he was *Orestes* throughout, and was as dignified in his remonstrances as in his prayers—when he entreated as when he enjoined compliance.

Mr. Hodgkinson possessed much excellence in the arduous character of *Cassio*, the lover, the husband, the conspirator, and the son.

The character of *Alfonso* was ably supported by Mr. Tyler. He will however allow us to suggest a remark on the author's design of that character. However humble the penitence, and however humiliating the professions of *Alfonso* in the presence of the much injured *Orestes*, the author could not have intended him, to lose all regard to himself; nor but that when he exclaims "tis well proud man!" it should be expressed with the *hauteur* of a monarch, whose friendship had been spurned, and whose proffers had been insulted.

Mrs. Whitlock's *Ottilia* we must pronounce a paragon of its kind. That lady certainly possesses a conception of character, and command of feature, the most just and admirable. In the dying moments of *Ottilia*, those powers were called into exercise. Horror at the sight of *Amelroa*, imparts a momentary vigor to that frame in which nature was just now exhausted; despair stiffens on every feature; her eyes are fixed in the gaze of agony; the phantoms of guilt distract her vision, and convulsed and shuddering she sinks into an eternity of horrors.

Mrs. Johnson was a faithful representative of the angelic *Amelroa*. Her person and deportment, which combine elegance with loveliness, gave an additional interest to a character, on which Mr. Lewis has lavished all the stores of virtue. Want of room will not permit a detail of her excellences; suffice it to say, that Mrs. Johnson will continue to please, while elegance and feeling are passports to public approbation.

RETALIATION being a new farce on our boards, we shall annex an epitome of its design, in as small a compass as possible. The cast of characters is as follows.

Old Rebate,	Mr. Hogg.
Precipe Rebate,	Jefferson.
Trueman,	Hallam, jun.
Frank,	Martin.
Ezekiel Spotless,	Shapter.
Servant,	Macdonald.
Amelia,	Mrs. Hodgkinson.
Lucy,	Miss Hogg.

The scene of action, is at a country seat, near London. Mr. Fairport a respectable merchant, is reported to have stoppt payment, by the malevolence of one *Rebate* a money-lender. This *Rebate* holds a bond of £11,000, given him by Mr. Fairport, to rescue a young gentleman from his usurious clutches. A brother of Mr. Fairport had died at Amsterdam, on his return from travelling, and left to his care an only daughter, *Augusta Fairport*. *Old Rebate* having been denied access to Mr. Fairport in town, repairs to his country seat with his son *Precipe Rebate*, a whimsical attorney, whom he wishes to marry to *Augusta Fairport*. His intention is to bribe her uncle into compliance, by a promise of cancelling the bond of £11,000, in case of acquiescence to his proposal—the alternative an immediate prosecution. *Amelia* the daughter, and *Lucy* the maid of Fairport, gain intelligence of this; and determine to give the old fellow a reception worthy of his errand. In this they are assisted by *Frank*, a servant of the family, and *Trueman*, Fairport's partner and the lover of *Amelia*. *Lucy* is to pass on *Precipe* as *Augusta Fairport*; and *Amelia* is to seduce the old fellow into a love intrigue. *Precipe* is persuaded by *Frank*, that the supposed *Miss Augusta* is a married attorney; and is prevailed on to assume the dress of a naval officer. In the mean while *Lucy* has been preparing the old gentleman. She represents her mistress, as whimsical in her disposition, and particularly partial to soldiers; and therefore disguises him in the volunteer uniform of *Trueman*. In this dress she introduces him to *Amelia* as a colonel in the Association corps. Here by a preconcerted scheme, *Trueman* is heard in the passage insisting on admittance; vowing vengeance on *Old Rebate* for the false report which he had raised respecting the affairs of Mr. Fairport; and swearing to chastise the insolence of the colonel, who had dared to rival him in the affections of his mistress. The terror of *Old Rebate* is heightened by the artifice of *Amelia*, who retires, and a scene ensues, of the highest humor and effect. *Precipe* in the disguise of a naval officer, has been already married to *Lucy*, under the impression that she is *Augusta*; and delivers her a casket of diamonds, which he had received as consigned to his father, by his Dutch correspondent *Primitive Tribulation*, without the knowledge of the old gentleman, and in the character of his attorney. He gives her at



the same time, a letter which contained the notice of the consignment. During a ludicrous and law-like interchange of tenderness between the lovers, *Old Rebate* enters in search of his own dress. He does not know *Precise* in his disguise, but believes *Frank* when he represents him as a revengeful, boisterous sea-captain. This mistake again produces much pleasantry. *Precise* having discovered himself to his father, with *Lucy* at his elbow, taunts the old gentleman with having married *Augusta Fairport* without his interference, and displaying the diamonds he had received, proclaims himself insultingly, no longer dependent on paternal approbation. The diamonds are discovered to be the property of *Augusta Fairport*, having been secreted by a quaker, at whose house her father died; and consigned by him to *Old Rebate* to be disposed of to the best advantage. The Dutch being at this time the enemies of his country, *Old Rebate* is disgraced by the discovery of a correspondence with them. *Amelia* is the wife of *Trueman*, and *Precise* remains the partner of the wife, and the intriguing *Lucy*.

It is impossible in a mere sketch of its design to give an adequate idea of the merits of *RETALIATION*. It is much elevated in dialogue above cotemporary productions of its kind, and is certainly entitled to a large share of public notice and approbation. The performance was unusually correct, for the first representation.

Miss Hogg's playing throughout was highly interesting. That young lady is rising rapidly in excellence, and by unremitting efforts to please, is gaining largely that approbation which can never be denied to assiduous merit.

MONDAY, MARCH 7.  
ALPHONSO, and RETALIATION.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9.  
THE VOICE OF NATURE; from the French, *W. Dunlap*; THE GOOD NEIGHBORS; a musical Interlude, *W. Dunlap*; the music by *Pelissier*, and LIBERAL OPINIONS, *T. Dibdin*. (Reduced from 5 to 3 acts.)

MARY ROBINSON, the famous beauty of *Buttermere*, has for some time past, been the burthen of conversation in every circle. The English papers have been filled with eulogiums on her charms, and narratives of her misfortune, and among us, she has be-

come no less the subject of interest and compassion.

The description given of her by the author of "a fortnight's ramble," is interesting in the highest degree. He saw her accidentally at her father's inn, on the borders of *Buttermere*, and the elegance of her person and address immediately arrested his attention. The glowing picture which he gave of her on his return, induced many to visit the place, merely with the view of seeing her. In October last, one *Hatfield*, an accomplished villain, under the assumed name of *A. Hope*, member of parliament, made his appearance there, and induced by the flattering aspect of the proposal, prevailed on the unfortunate *Mary* to marry him. The fraud however did not long remain concealed. He was soon suspected, and endeavored to save himself by flight; but in *Wales*, was apprehended and brought before a magistrate. On examination it appeared, that at the time of his marriage with *Mary Robinson*, he was already a husband, and had deserted his former wife, in circumstances which gave her the strongest claims on his tenderness. He was committed for father examination, and now stands charged under four different indictments. 1st, for not having appeared to his commission as a bankrupt. 2d, for forging a frank as *A. Hope*. 3d, for bigamy. 4th, for forging the signature of *A. Hope* to a bill of exchange. His fate is not yet decided. Public prejudice however is strongly against him; subscriptions are said to be handed round at *London*, for the purpose of defraying the travelling charges of the *Buttermere* beauty to town, as a witness against the prisoner; and there is little doubt, but he will receive in its utmost rigor, the demerit of his crimes.

#### To Correspondents.

The lines signed "Anonymous," possess some merit, but the trouble of correcting the measure is too much for its worth.

G— has selected an illiberal, and unjust censure on certain characters, an insult on woman, and a satire on man; he must excuse us for not publishing it.

*Egis* has been mislaid: no matter—we think his charge against females not sufficiently general to be presented to the public.

Enigmatical communications must be explained to the editors.



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,  
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

#### Marriages.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Noah Talcott, merchant, to Miss Eliza Woods, both of this city.

Same evening, Mr. Stephen Stephens, bookseller, to Miss Ann Dover, both of this city.

At Philadelphia, Gen. Wm. M. Pher-son, to Miss Elizabeth White, daughter of Bishop White, all of that city.

At Hudson, Capt. Wm. Van Schaick, of Staten-Island, to Miss Clarissa H. Manchester.

At Albany, Mr. Asa H. Center, to Miss Elizabeth Hyer.

At Savannah, Wm. J. Hobby, esq. to Mrs. Mary Williamson.



#### Deaths.

On Sunday evening, Mrs. John Paxton. On Monday last, Mrs. Catherine Schuyler, wife of Gen. P. Schuyler, aged 69.

At Providence, the Rev. Enos Hitchcock, D. D. aged 58.

#### THEATRE

##### THIS EVENING.

March 12, 1803, will be presented,

A Comedy, called, The

Way to get Married.

To which will be added, a Farce, called,

FORTUNE'S FROLIC

Wanted,

AN APPRENTICE

TO THE PRINTING BUSINESS.

A smart boy of good morals.

Apply at this office.





**Selected for the VISITOR.**

*Meares, Ming and Young.*

The following is copied from the Newbern Gazette, it is the production of a particular friend of mine, formerly a resident in this city. The incident is a real fact, on which I had myself attempted to compose a few lines, but as I think Amicus has done far better than I should on the subject, I shall relinquish my attempt. Should you think the lines worthy a place in your valuable Miscellany, their insertion will gratify your

EDWIN.

THE DAZZLING PROSPECT.

A TRUE STORY.

NOT long since, in a northern state,  
(I cannot justly tell the date)  
A farmer's daughter, young and fair  
Her wealthy parent's only care,  
Tir'd of a country life went down  
To see the fashions of the town.

Not long she'd been in this dear place  
 His Fortuna found her pretty face,  
 Gazed on her charms with raptur'd eyes,  
 And mark'd her for his future prize.  
 Himself in Sunday suit produc'd,  
 And lo! our Beau is introduc'd,  
 A pretty spark, the fair believ'd him,  
 And very civilly receiv'd him;  
 Well vers'd in all the pleasing arts,  
 He acts so well his various parts,  
 She ventures once to make a hint  
 And takes him for her sole possint.

He now attends her to the plays,  
To concerts, balls, and operas;  
Confines his whole attention to her,  
And in due form proceeds to woo her.—  
At length the dreaded time is come,  
Miss Widdowson enters her country home  
And leave the town.—The spark appears,  
Her drooping spirits forthwith cheer,  
And then in order makes his treat  
To attend her to her country seat.  
Granted, in due time they take their way  
And stop upon the second day.  
Miss Widdowson ushers in her beau—  
“Papa—Mr. ——— you must know—”

"Your servants sir, Sit down sir, please"  
Or will you walk in t'other room?  
Scarce seated are the blooming youth  
Our heads' work demands his care—  
Sees it deposited there—  
(Twas very heavy to be sure;  
For modesty to calculate—  
Suppose it weigh'd two hundred weight.)  
Miss saw what past with eager eyes,  
And long'd to view the golden prize;  
What cunning (John son) thus truck and bold  
For certainly it must be gold—  
Nor less it joy'd the father's heart  
To hear his power'd it guest impart  
About the goods he had in store  
And shipp'd one to some foreign shore  
Thus past some days in joy and ease  
And every thing conspir'd to please

[illegible]

The boat came in, and what was done,  
And tiring like some crazy one,  
Scyore by his rage it was not fair,  
Then tore out half his frizzled hair,  
This done—no more of ships he talk'd,  
But for the while took his trunk and walk'd—  
In the next morning *Georgina* knew,  
(With this alas! what could he do)  
But never'd still they keep and stew,  
And even I have been to view it.

**THE MISS.**

**NANCY BASKETS.**  
The Librarian returns his grateful thanks to his friends and the public in general for the liberal encouragement he has experienced, and hopes for a continuance of their favors.

Just received per the Ship Florida, Captain Lee, and Ship Otello, Captain Marchall, from Amsterdam, an elegant assortment of Worsted Yarns, Fine Wines & Liquors, Tumblers, Bibles and Market Baskets, for sale by  
**JAMES THORNBURN,**  
 No. 24, Maiden Lane,  
 Who keeps a constant supply of Groceries, Tea, Coffee, Spices, and other household wares, and is to be discovered at  
**Feb. 15th.**

**WOMEN'S WEAR.**  
 Made in London in the greatest style of  
 elegance by **BALMAIN TRUZZI, No. 10,**  
**Stone-Street.**

[illegible]

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